

SPORTS

MOOHEAUS TAKE
ANOTHER DEFEAT

(From Saturday's Advertiser.)

PUNAHOU, 12; MOOHEAUS, 1.

There was another sad downfall for the good old Moo-cows at the ball park yesterday afternoon. The Punahous put it over them to the tune of 12 to 1, and it can only be said that Williams was banged all over the field.

The other Williams, one named John, who twirled for the Puns was in pretty good shape and the Hillotes could not connect with him at any stage in the game. In the third it looked as though his namesake was going to swat him for a few, but he handed out some tremendous flies that hit the fence every time but, unfortunately, they were all foul and Williams finally popped out to Hampton.

There was at least one lively feature to the game, for Jack Doyle decorated the bleachers after a too long absence and his cheery voice was raised in loud mock protest when Sam Chillingworth gave a close decision.

The Mooheaus took their defeat phlegmatically. They did not get rattled, but, as usual, bucked up after the sixth inning and held the others down, except for one in the seventh. Their one and only run was scored in the fifth off an error by Hampton. Williams singled but was out at second while Ahip went to first. Then Bird

Or second and "Brick" Lyman. Then Will Desha sent one by Hampton who fumbled and batted reached first while Ahip ran. Bird was not content to stay on but ran on and was out at the plate. This made three men down and was the last chance for the visitors.

The home team started things in the by scoring three. Lyman, first up, Hampton and Williams all batted. They repeated the dose in the second and scored three more. McGorran, Henderson and Lyman on a very timely steal home being the successful ones.

The Puns were held down in the third fourth but they cut the mooring in the fifth and batted out five runs. Marcellino ran for John and cuffed third while Bruns touched first. Then Sheldon put his bat in the wrong place and missed one that Marcellino and Bruns romped to the castle went to second.

Then Kia singled and Castle ran in. He was caught napping at second. Hoogs was safe but McGorran was out at first. This made two dead men with Hoogs on second. Henderson singled and Hoogs reached the plate, then Lyman reached second and Henderson home on George Desha's error. Five runs and eleven to one for the Puns.

Castle scored for the home team in the seventh but there was no scoring after that and the game ended with the score, 12 to 1 for the Punahous. The official score was:

MOOHEAUS—	AB	R	BH	E
Lyman, ss	4	0	0	1
W. Desha, cf	4	0	0	1
G. Desha, lf	4	0	0	1
Sheldon, 2b	4	0	1	2
Tevis, 3b	4	0	1	1
Todd, 1b	4	0	0	1
Williams, p	4	0	1	0
Ahip, cf	4	1	1	0
Bird, c	4	0	1	0
Totals	36	1	6	6
PUNAHOU—	AB	R	BH	E
Lyman, c	5	2	2	1
Hampton, ss	4	1	1	3
Williams, p	4	2	2	0
Bruns, lf	4	1	0	0
Castle, rf	4	2	2	1
Kia, cf	4	0	1	0
Hoogs, 2b	4	1	0	0
McGorran, 1b	4	1	1	0
Henderson, 3b	4	2	1	0
Totals	37	12	10	5

ALOHA TO PROTEST
LAST SUNDAY'S GAME

From what can be seen at this time, another protest will be filed by the Chinese Alohas of the Riverside League against the Aalas on the game played last Sunday, in which the Ekeu Kids defeated the Alohas after they had been strengthened by two players which are not members of that team. Besides this, it is stated that the Aalas have permitted one Freitas to be in the box, while the rules of the league bar a Winter League pitcher from pitching. Freitas is claimed to be a Winter League pitcher.

Chas. Makauhi, the captain of the Aalas, was seen after the game and asked as to what he thinks of it. Makauhi stated that he will not give it up, until the league has finally decided against his team. Manager L. Mon Tai of the Chinese Alohas objects to the way in which Umpire Olmos called the game and permitted it to go on against the objections of Captain Ho Yip of the Chinese nine. "I presume that the rules of our league are plain in this matter," Mon Tai stated yesterday. "How would you like it, when a team fails to show up with their nine and then to go and pick up some outsiders, and, after they have won, they want it to be known as an official game?" concluded Mon Tai. It will now be up to the league to decide the question.

WHOOPING COUGH.

This is a very dangerous disease unless properly treated, but all danger may be avoided by giving Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It liquefies the tough mucus, making it easier to expectorate, keeps the cough loose, and makes the paroxysms of coughing less frequent and less severe. For sale by Benson, Smith & Co., Ltd., agents for the Hawaiian Islands.

NEWSBOYS PLAY
SPLENDID BALL

There were two great contrasts at the ball park yesterday afternoon—the gentlemanly and keen game put up by the little newsboys and their wonderful method of coaching, and the ragged, not to say rough, methods of some of the Palamas.

Walker was the chief offender in this respect. His coaching may be very much admired at Aala Park, and his grotesque gestures and attempts to bully the umpire very admirable. They may be, but at the ball park they are very much out of place. The fans that frequent the park are not used to it and do not like it, and they took no pains to conceal their feelings yesterday.

While doing what he called coaching, Walker made no attempt to stay in the box, but danced around within a few feet of the plate and did his best to balk the pitcher from that position. To Oliveira, pitcher for the Mooheaus, is due great credit that he took absolutely no notice and never allowed the big fellow's antics to bother him for a second.

This great coach also took upon himself to walk on the field and argue with the umpire several times when he disagreed with a decision, and he was obnoxious at first base on several occasions. Another very flagrant breach of etiquette was when Espinda, after fanning a batter, made some vulgar gestures, accompanying them with a sardonic grin that was not pleasing.

The grandstand was all for the Palamas at first, but as the game progressed and Walker's boorishness became more and more pronounced, the tide of popular sympathy set in the other way and everybody was heartily pleased to see the visitors win. This kind of business is very unworthy of practice by a ball team, and the sponsor these players learn that sport is for gentlemen, and should be played by gentlemen alone, the better it will be for them and for baseball in Honolulu.

Newsies a Treat.

It was a perfect treat to watch those youngsters play in the first game. The little fellows looked right smart in their blue and white uniforms, and the Bulletins made a tremendous hit when they went out to field in the first, by quickly forming up in line, two and two, then running out onto the field and breaking away towards their position when each man came abreast of his place.

The baseball played by the kiddies was of the very highest class. Of course, they do not throw or pitch with anything like the velocity of older players, but in every other respect they play an almost perfect game. Their coaching was simply great. Little Ping Kong, En Sue's brother, was the star coach for the Giants. His voice is in proportion to his body, so he brought out a megaphone about his own size and shouted through it. He stood at third and played up to the coach at first in great shape. It was the right kind of coaching that lets the batters know just what to do, and the batters certainly took notice.

Another feature of the game was the coolheadedness of the lilliputians. They never got rattled, and if the ball should go to second it went there without any stopping to think. The fielders kept their positions, standing pretty well in, and there was not a single fly missed in the whole game.

The Giants would have held the Bulletins down to a much lower score if they had not grown careless in the ninth. They were a trifle too confident and a bad error started the losers on a series of romps that let in five runs in the very last inning. Pink Kong, admirably called "Ping Pong" or "the table tennis" by the delighted fans, pitched one grand game. He is about the size of three balls placed one on top of the other, but he certainly winds out those curves and keeps his catcher busy holding them.

Kuroda for the Bulletins, is a larger boy and also pitched a fine game. The fielding was unexceptionable. To give honor where it is due one should mention eighteen players, but, perhaps, the work of both first basemen alone with special brilliance. Kalani for the Giants and Perry for the Bulletins held down the first bag in a way that brought forth many cheers of admiration from the fans. The outfielders were always there and some of the long distance catches were wonders.

The Giants started the scoring in the second when Rawlins bingled Souza and Ah Tai home, later stealing home himself closely followed by Miguel, making four runs. Kalia scores for the Bulletins in the third but John did the same for the big men in the same inning and the score was 5 to 1.

The Giants scored two more in the fifth, one in the seventh and three in the eighth and it looked as though the score would be 10 to 1 but the ninth opened with an extraordinary series of careless muffs that sent Perry to third. Then Ah Shaw bingled and Perry romped followed by Silva on Rawlin's miff. Then followed a series of hits. Kalia singled Ah Shaw in, Kuroda singled Ah Tai in and Hooman singled Kuroda in. This made five runs and the game ended 10 to 5 in favor of the Giants and Manager Gumb's smile spread until one could see little else.

The Second Game.

Brick Lyman opened the ball for the Mooheaus with a terrific swat that took him to third. Bill Desha fanned and George Desha was out at first but it gave Lyman time to come in and the visitors had scored their first run.

The Palamas came through with three in the second half of the first and it was not till the fifth that the Mooheaus caught up. The Palamas forged ahead again in the second part of the fifth by scoring two. Kealoha went a bunt to first and there was a terrific howl when the umpire called him safe. This put Manuel Correa to

YOUNG WEBER
HAS THE GOODS

(From Saturday's Advertiser.)

Charlie Weber, the little lightweight who is to box Reilly next Saturday, made his first showing in Honolulu before a select audience of local critics and newspaper men yesterday afternoon.

The unanimous verdict was that he will do and that he has the goods with him, so far as may be judged by watching him box a few rounds with a lighter boy than himself.

Weber is a stockily built fellow with great power in his shoulders and arms and sturdy legs which are not, however, too bulky and he has no clumsy sign upon him. He sizes up like a regular demon for punishment and a hard hitter from the word go. As to his cleverness it is impossible to say until he has been a few rounds with some bigger lad who will wade into him.

It was impossible to arrange for training quarters on such short notice so Weber worked at the Orpheum after Reilly had done his work and left the building. He had been out on the road in the morning and announced that eight miles of hard going had affected him, but little and he was surprised to find what good shape he really was in.

When he appeared stripped for the afternoon work, his statement showed true by the appearance of his skin and muscles both of which looked to be in a very healthy condition. He wasted no time in preliminaries but set to work at once with his sparring partner, young Cabral, and these two kept up a lively gait for three rounds.

There is no doubt about it, Weber has had good instruction in the noble art. His way of standing, his method of leading and his recovery from a duck or a gufled all the lighter lad's lightning like leads for the head.

After three hard rounds, he seemed to be hardly distressed and, although a trifle fat amidships, it is evident that he will have no difficulty in reaching the weight, 128 pounds, and being perfectly fit by next Saturday.

A few of the local sportsmen who witnessed Weber's workout held a caucus on the subject afterwards and they all seemed to think that he would make it mighty hard for Reilly. One fan went so far as to shake his head disbelievingly and murmur something about "Reilly better look out."

Fred Smith was busy hustling round for training quarters for Weber last night and it is expected that the lad will be comfortably located by this afternoon.

Reilly has been doing great work under the direction of Bob Ross, the man who never speaks while his boy is working except to give some pertinent advice and that but seldom. The sawdust bag is a feature of the daily work and Charlie uses his right on the sack with great effect. This is a very strenuous form of exercise but is warranted to develop a punch on anybody and the clever youngster's hitting power is increasing noticeably.

One preliminary has already been arranged; it will be between young Boquet of the tug Inoquois and Charlie Mack of the Marine corps. These two lads are expected to put up a good scrap. They are both about the same weight and are clever enough to give a rattling good exhibition.

Young Boquet is working with Reilly and the pace at which the lighter boy keeps him going is rapidly getting the sailor into long distance condition. He feels the rapidity of the work less every day and will be fit for a hammer and tongs bout by next Saturday.

In the suit of the First American Savings & Trust Company v. A. J. Campbell, Treasurer, stipulations have been filed waiving a jury and submitting the case on briefs.

Third. Then Todd made a wild throw from first and Manuel ran in followed by Kealoha who literally burgled the plate.

Those two runs put the locals two ahead but the Mooheaus scored three in the seventh making the score 6 to 5 and, as there was no more tallying done, the game ended with the visitors victors by one run.

The Official Score was:

MOOHEAUS—	AB	R	BH	SB	PO	A	E
Lyman, ss	5	2	2	0	4	2	0
W. Desha, cf	5	1	1	0	0	0	0
G. Desha, lf	4	0	0	0	4	0	0
Sheldon, 2b	4	2	1	0	7	1	0
Teves, 3b	2	1	0	1	0	0	0
Solomon, c	4	0	0	0	2	0	0
Todd, lf	4	0	0	0	3	1	1
Williams, rf	4	0	2	1	0	0	0
Oliveira, p	3	0	0	0	1	3	0
Totals	35	6	7	2	27	9	1

PALAMAS—	AB	R	BH	SB	PO	A	E
Correa, 1b	2	2	1	0	13	0	1
Honan, ss	4	1	0	1	5	1	0
Kealoha, 3b	4	2	2	0	1	0	0
Walker, cf	4	0	1	0	2	0	0
Kahawini, 2b	4	0	1	0	2	4	1
Kama, rf	3	0	1	0	0	0	0
Paaluh, lf	3	0	0	1	0	0	0
Espinda, c	4	0	1	0	0	1	0
Hoopii, p	3	0	0	0	7	2	1
Totals	31	5	8	0	27	13	4

Two-base hits, Teves, Williams; three-base hits, Lyman, Walker; bases on balls, off Espinda 3, Oliveira 5; struck out, by Espinda 3, Oliveira 5; wild pitch, Espinda; hit by pitched ball, Oliveira; sacrifice hit, Teves; double plays, Oliveira to Todd to Solomon, Kahawini to Correa, Sheldon (unassisted). Time of game, 1 hour 25 minutes; umpire, W. Prestidge; scorer, W. T. Raposo.

REAL GHOST DEFES PRIESTS,
REPORTERS AND DETECTIVES

(From Monday's Advertiser.)

What would you think if the mirror before which you were combing your tresses persisted in turning its face to the wall? Wouldn't it jar you if a roast of beef and a humble soup bone took it into their heads to bounce around the kitchen floor all of their own accord? Wouldn't your hair creep up if you had a stick of kindling wood in your hand and it was suddenly snatched away from you by unseen fingers and disappear? How would you like to watch another pile of kindling hopping stick by stick up on to your head, without anyone in sight to make it hop, or have a chunk of rock come into your dining-room through a closed window without smashing the glass, or be hammered in the ribs by an unseen fist? Wouldn't it make you feel nervous? And yet these are the sort of things that have been going on in a house on Punchbowl for the past three days. Plenty of sober, reliable people have seen some of them, and a priest with holy water couldn't stop it.

This is not a fairy tale nor a nightmare, but the truth as testified to by scores of those living on Luzzo street and Punchbowl street, who thronged the "haunted house" yesterday and waited for ghostly manifestations.

Concerned are a beautiful young Spanish girl, a Polish man and his Spanish wife, three priests from the Roman Catholic fraternity and some hundreds of Portuguese. All Punchbowl is excited, and there were many faint hearties beneath the shadows of the grapevines last night.

Do you believe in ghosts, anyway, because nearly all the residents of Punchbowl have arrived at the belief that there are ghosts that are real, even though unseen, and that the old Boyd house on Punchbowl street, beyond the Mormon church, is their present abode?

The fact that two priests of the Roman Catholic church were called by the family to the house yesterday morning to bless the house and drive the unseen visitors from the vicinity gave official standing to the spooks, who withstood the priestly presence and performed elfish antics in their very faces. Not one visit only did the priests make, but last evening another priest, who is rather a skeptic about ghosts, went there again to camp out and ascertain whether someone was playing tricks or whether there was a really real ghost playing pranks.

The story of what has been taking place up there in that big green house reads like a ghost story narrated in the dark of the moon, when the flesh becomes goosey and every sound makes the heart leap into the throat.

The tale from that house, moreover, is not altogether of strange things occurring in the night only, but there are many eyewitnesses who say they saw queer things take place in the broad daylight of yesterday forenoon and continue at regular intervals all day. These stories concern the movements through space of saucers, shoe horns, stovetop-lifters, knives, forks, stones, benches, pictures, bunches of keys, crockery, stove-wood, and even chunks of meat. The inmates of the house, Stephen Pecarick, who works for the Inter-Island company, his wife and a young Spanish girl residing with the family, who appears to be the special object of ghostly attention, tell of mighty queer things happening around the house for a couple of nights and yesterday, while many of the neighbors corroborate the doings of yesterday.

Yesterday forenoon, after an exciting night, the neighbors flocked to the residence and listened to the tales. They were told how during the night strange noises were heard, how the head of the house called out and went outside while the noises continued; how he took a lantern to investigate and found the stove-wood he had chopped the evening before pile itself up on a landing of the steps leading to the veranda; how he called out and then got a revolver, while the wood continued to leave one pile and build up another. Then how stones flew around the rooms, the clock fell over two or three times, and a picture of St. Anthony, hanging in the clothes closet, strangely left its place on the wall and was found lying on the floor and, after being replaced, was again found lying on a table and a third time on the bed, with a bunch of keys, that had left the bureau, alongside it. Then a shoe-horn whizzed through space from a bedroom, through various open doorways, until it fell against the wife, standing by the dining-room table. Then pans fell their places on the top of the cupboard and fell to the floor, a cup appeared to leap from another cupboard and broke into pieces on the floor several feet away. A knife came through the air from the kitchen to the dining-room and stuck in the top of the table, and a corkscrew did likewise, while all the time the house stood steady on the underpinning and there was no way to account for the phenomena.

The bureau mirror swung back slowly, and the wife set it aright; then it moved back again, as did also a small mirror standing on the bureau. Three times this took place before her eyes, then she threw holy water on the face of the mirrors and nothing more happened to the bureau.

Then the benches began doing acrobatic stunts. They overturned while standing in the middle of rooms, and even while Father Reginald was in the house, a bench which he was looking at but a moment before was heard to fall over, and on rushing to the door the bench was seen by the priest to be lying on its side, with nobody in the room.

Stove-wood came mysteriously into the house, although the windows were tightly closed and the green shutters latched. In fact, the queerest stunts were done by this mysterious visitor, ghost or otherwise. It was beyond the comprehension of the inmates of the house, and the neighbors, aroused by the unusual signs of excitement, attempted to unravel the mystery.

While they talked, even, the ghost is said to have indulged in a special exhibition. Stones which had been shown the neighbors, and which were lying on the floor or table, flew through the air and struck people. The benches were seen to topple over and the neighbors

went out to get a breath of fresh air and talk it over in the open.

An Advertiser reporter, who had heard of the strange doings, went there in the afternoon and found the yard deserted save for the young Spanish girl, who was sitting on the front steps. The reporter was accompanied by a young man, formerly a Rapid Transit conductor, who had witnessed some of the strange things of the forenoon. They entered the dining-room and took a look around. There was a table in the center of the room, a refrigerator near the wall and a chair nearby. An open door looked into the kitchen, the windows closed. The girl leaned against this doorway and told of several things that had happened, gesticulating in true Latin style. The former conductor leaned against the door on the veranda. All were talking over the strange things. As the reporter turned to look toward the bathroom a cakepan came from some mysterious somewhere, struck the wall by the refrigerator and fell clanging upon the floor. The object of the missile wheeled instantly, all gooseflesh, as the young man at the door gave a yell and started for the timber, while the girl was in the attitude of shrinking away from some object. The reporter was skeptical, and while trying to make himself believe that a ghost had had a hand in shying the pan, was inclined also to the idea that the girl had something to do with its flight. If she did, however, she is in line for an acrobatic career on the stage as a lightning artist.

The flying dishpan was enough, however, to induce the Advertiser man to sit in the dining-room and wait for some new developments. He sat there with the members of the family and a few neighbors, all watching the lamp on the table, the stone and kitchen utensils, but after half an hour's waiting he decided to leave, feeling that he was a hoodoo.

At 6:20 the scribe called again with a friend but found that nothing new had taken place, and then departed, but ten minutes later the ghost looked out busy. First a brass fender on the meatsafe in the kitchen was slammed against the wall of another room, around a corner from where it lay, and a cup which had had several changes of location. Later, the Spanish girl, while working at the sink, suddenly left the room complaining that something had hit her in the side and she was ready to quite the place and go home, and home she went. She had had all the ghosts she could stand.

Father Reginald visited the house last evening again and the entire day's doings were recounted and with nearly two hundred people from Punchbowl crowding the yard and house the place was lively enough for a campaign meeting.

At this time many were beginning to think that the girl had had a share in the whole matter, and some intimates of hers had been told that she was a witch, and some one in the crowd would say:

"I saw that rocking chair move by itself and then fall over, while the girl was off at the other end of the porch," and the skeptical one subsided. Then others intimated that while she may not have done these things herself, yet she must have a medium's powers, and as long as she was in the house strange things would happen. Away from it the family would be peace. Two hundred years ago such a discussion would have probably reached the extremes which happened in old Salem.

And what skeptic and scoffle talked in the whole matter, and some intimates of hers had been told that she was a witch, and some one in the crowd would say:

In the evening the police got into the ghost-haunting business. Sergeant Aen, Detective Joe Leal and Mounted Officer Machado being ready to tackle anything tangible, although, not having any silver bullets for their guns, they looked nervous about tackling a ghost. If everything else fails it is likely that Chief Kalkaki will proceed to unwind the mystery today.

Away up a little lane near Luzzo street a reporter found the home of the Spanish girl, a little house where she and her mother lived. They found a pretty girl of thirteen years, although she looked older. She had a bandage about her head, but even this seemed to add to her prettiness. She was of the true Andalusian type, with fine, lustrous, and yet snappy, eyes. She spoke English brokenly, but prettily.

"I don't know how these things happen," she said. "I have worked for other people, but have no trouble like this. But here I work only four days and such queer things happen. I see picture go from one place to another place and dish fall on floor and wood fly up in the air. When the man he pick up a stick of wood it jump right up from his hand. Oh, yes, I make one bench fall down, but that was when I take ice in my hand to put in box and bench in my way. I push and it fall down. How this all happen I don't know," and then speaking with her mother in Spanish the word "diable" could be heard. "Then the lady she go out to tree but I think this diable hit at her feet with stick. Then she put on cross and throw church water."

When asked if she knew that a medium was one who, for instance, could make pictures move from one wall to another, she answered:

"No, I no see moving pictures. I don't think I'm medium. You want my name? No, no, I not tell you my name," and her eyes blazed angrily. "If you put my name in the newspaper, when I walk down the street every body point at me and say, 'There go Esperanza Gonsalves.'" And believing she had outflanked the newspapermen, she again smiled prettily, showing a row of teeth which even a society queen might envy.

Until late in the night crowds re-

GHOST REFUSES

(Continued from Page One.)

days before, but everyone demanded miracles and hung around expecting the cookstove to pirouette, the family portraits to commence a conversation or ghostly fingers to thumb a tambourine.

And not a thing happened more astonishing than the arrival of the police when they were wanted.

To those who showed any intelligent interest in the phenomena reported, the truth of which was reiterated by many who had been witnesses, the principal actors told their stories, but as the day aged the crowd grew until the occupants of the house had to have someone to clear a place for them to move in. At one time yesterday morning it looked as if half the children in the city were on the lawn around the house, jamming the doorway, swarming around the windows and making general nuisances of themselves. All day crowds of older ones came, some rapping on the door and asking questions of the ones answering, others walking in without any formalities and treating the place as a sort of show.

As yet the whole mysterious doings in the house are unexplained. The priests who were called in shrug their shoulders when questioned and refuse to advance any theory, and those among the callers who are skilled in things occult decided that there are more things in heaven and earth and Punchbowl than are dreamed of in the ordinary philosophy. It was disappointing, of course, to have the bacon frying in the pan in the most matter of fact way instead of jumping out onto the floor, and to see the cup stay on the shelves and the pictures on the wall, but it was some satisfaction to handle the very stone that had been dropped by an unseen hand through the unpierced roof and to see the very picture that had had sudden and mysterious migrations only a few hours before.

Girl Denies Being a Medium.

The ghost affair, while it has interested and amused the city, has not been unalloyed joy to either Mr. and Mrs. Pecarick or to Esperanza Gonsalves, who is now known as "the beautiful Spanish girl." Pecarick is worried. He stated yesterday that he had neither eaten nor slept for three days, and his looks bore out his statement. He is much more worried than his wife, although she, too, was plainly worn out by last night. The little girl is the most seriously affected, however, and yesterday afternoon she was in tears the greater part of the time. It was small wonder, too, for her appearance on the street was the signal yesterday for the children to circle around her and point her out as a witch, taunting her, but shunning "the evil eye" carefully. It would appear that she is due for a series of persecutions over the alleged manifestations on Sunday, which the ignorant ones among her neighbors are convinced were the doings of the devil.

Any share in the stunts and any necromancy on her part, the fearful damsel strongly denies. She also resents being told that she is a medium, unconscious or otherwise.

"Those women they say I do those things but I don't know. I don't do those things and I do know," she says indignantly. "They say that the power it pass through me. I don't feel nothing pass through me. I see the things pass bzzz past my head, but I don't feel no thing pass through me. How I could do those things, eh? If I could make those things I could get a million dollars, and I don't have to work no more. It silly thing, those women say. They come to me and talk all of things I don't know. I don't think those women know themselves. That doctor man, he feel my head and go jump, jump, in my wrist. That's silly. What he want to do with those things? I don't like you put my name in the paper, too. Every place I go they point finger at me. I don't like that at all. Soon no one like me to work their house. The paper say when I come, things start; when I go, pau. That not true."

A Buried Treasure.

It isn't true, either, that this little girl could do all the things that eye-witnesses say were done, because there were some hard-headed men around on Sunday morning who watched the girl and everyone else to detect any trickery. There is as much sense in blaming her as there is reason to believe the story related with a wealth of details by some of those gathered at the house yesterday, that there was a treasure buried under the building, the exact spot of burial known only to a young girl who had died in the house.

That story was only one of a dozen similar ones told and reported.

At any rate, as a result of the excitement of which the Pecaricks have been the center, the house will be wanting a tenant very shortly, Pecarick having decided to move just as soon as he can find a place to move into. The house is one under control by Castle & Withington, to whom prospective tenants are referred.

In connection with the renting, a story of a mortgage foreclosure and spite arising thereby was told, a kahuna, threats, desire for revenge and a few other details being supplied. The last tenants, who moved out only a short time ago, state that during their occupancy of the house there was nothing worse seen or heard than cockroaches.